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A Window
in Lincoln's Inn



FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
when a man shall die
And forget love
which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing
that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

— R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of
Stanford Writing*, 1931

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Percy Lee
with love
from C. G.

Nov 29th 1897

A WINDOW IN LINCOLN'S INN

A Window in Lincoln's Inn

*And what was seen within
and without*

BY

ADDISON M'LEOD

LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO. LTD.

1897

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On Rossetti's "Versicles and Fragments"

WHEN from the workshop of a jeweller
The workers part, they sweep the corners round,
And scraps of gold and precious stones are found
Beneath the dust broom of the scavenger.
And from this dust of jewels, which the whirr
Of working wheels throughout the day has ground,
Into a smooth and even surface bound,
To-morrow's jewels shall glow lovelier.
So from thy works wrought out so wonderously
Fell down the dust of precious thoughts and rare,
And small rich pieces of verse filigree.
Sweeping thy death chamber with loving care
They found these fragments, and have brought them home
To polish my rude verse and make it fair.



I. Inside the Window

SOMEWHILE a growing need has mastered me,
Defined but unexpressed ; of one deep power
That should uphold the tree of life, not stayed
By props without, but feeding it within.
And being in the law I turned to that ;
Opened the books, and heard the judgment set :
But the law answered, " It is not in me."
Then summoned I my heart and said to her,
" Here I am chained immovable. But you
Are tempest-free to roam. And here awhile
I need you not. Therefore, my heart, arise
And traverse all the ways that we have been,
Seeking some comfort. Where I led you forth
Like an untutored child, not knowing then
What precious memories were bestowed on you.
Revisit them again, and at the sight
Awake to clearer knowledge. So she went
Passing thro' church and gallery of art ;
And back returning, these she brought to me.

Inside the Window

*An old
Madonna of
Cimabue
speaks and
says*

DULL-EYED and heavy headed, stern and bold,
Upon a world that knows me not, I gaze ;
(For he is dead who made me, many days)
Out of a wilderness of tarnished gold.
Lo ! I was worshipped in the days of old
In Italy, to me they poured their praise,
And ever at feast seasons they would raise
The offerings of duty manifold.
Where are my flowers now and frankincense,
That hid my feet and bathed my senses round—
Where the deep music thrilling in mine ears ?
All parted from me when they brought me thence.
And yet—have men a nobler worship found
Than that they gave me in those long past years ?

*Madonna
di Latte S.
Lorenzo,
Florence**

YET gaze a little longer. You shall see
The gracious bending down of heavenly love,
And human sympathy seen clear above
The far horizon of heaven's mystery.
What has time's passage wrought on us that we
Should worship not ? For here the sculptor wove
Three gifts that most man's heart to worship
move :
Godhead, Maternity, Virginity.

* My guide told me there were three things there : Maternity,
Virginity and the Madonna. I thought he was right.

Inside the Window

The Virgin in the full young life unspent
And linen head-gear bare of ornament :
The Matron in the life-exchanging breast :
The deep Madonna, in the sad head bent
By weight of God, which over much oppressed
Her human soul to suffer perfect rest.

And then she led an unaccustomed voice
That sounded sweetly but reluctantly
From a far off and half familiar realm ;
Not to be visited but when the heart,
Passed thro' the fire, has purged herself of dross.

SLEEP on, Valkyrie. Thine, a bed of rock
Curtained in flame. For many a lingering year
The howling storm shall fill thee not with fear,
Nor ever shalt thou feel the thunder's shock.
Sleep, till the hero's courage shall unlock
Those gates of sleep, which Wotan, with a tear,
Kissed into silence ; till his foot shall near,
And all the fire gods fury spurn and mock.
Before that kiss thou rod'st, the thunderer's child,
Cloud-shielded and thy spear the lightning,
To bear the heroes to thy father's hall.
Another kiss shall wake thee, calm and mild.
And to an earth-born hero thou shalt bring
An earthly love, and count it more than all.

*After hear-
ing The
Valkyrie*

Inside the Window

'he Same, a few days after THE frightened air about my head is shrill
Wish maidens of the war god, with your cry ;
Ever since the night you passed me thunderously
Flinging weird cries from yonder craggy hill.
Why in my work do ye pursue me still ?
No hero's courage flashes from mine eye :
I ride no chariot of victory :
And for my spear I wield a goose's quill.
Go ! speed your message over sea and land.
To ward the danger from your father's throne,
Ye need a keener eye, a stronger hand.
And, though my soul for briefest space has flown
Through those high regions which the Gods have planned,
Earth is my place. So much to me is shown.

I answered : These are but the works of man
Which from the truth perchance have wandered far
Even of themselves : who then misconstrues them
Shall into double error plunge the soul.
Therefore go forth to nature and discern
What lessons are there in the fields and trees ;
Or from the mountains and pellucid springs
What thoughts arise, or down the o'erlapping vales,
Drawn by the broad blue distance, sweep along
Bearing fresh life : and bring me word again.
Therefore she went and these she brought to me.

Inside the Window

WHEN on the bosom of a fleecy cloud
Faint with the kisses of the dying king
I musing lie, who fast is journeying
To where black night shall wrap him in her shroud,
Much I misdoubt that man is not endowed
With ears to hear the messages I bring,
Which I to catch grow faint with listening,
But in their bearing I am apt and proud.
I think my lips are fluent as the lips
Of other gods, my feet are swifter far,
And in my mind is subtle wisdom stored.
Jove ! as the light from yon round pellet slips,
Breathe in mine ear of what these secrets are.
I shall be faithful in thy business, lord.

*Mercury at
Sunset*

IF in the realm of nature I were king,
I'd have two palaces of fair renown.
Not one for country ease, and one for town,
But one for Autumn and the other Spring.
One where the voices of all nature sing,
And the breeze, stealing from the hay new-mown
Her hidden sweets, and scent of flowers fresh blown,
Touches the shallows, softly whispering.
But when wild Autumn tears her treasures down,
I'd plant my palace on those northern peaks

*The Two
Palaces*

Inside the Window

Crowning the moorland like a broken wall.
Where, midst wild cries, the voice of silence speaks ;
Where orange deer's-hair deepens into brown
'Till sinks the night of winter over all.

*the Sacra-
ment. In
Switzerland*

NOT in a dark Cathedral, where the knees
Press velvet ; and the lips from cups of gold
Drink precious wine ; and endlessly o'ertold
One long dark stream of muttered mysteries
Sinks into ears half heeding. Not from these
Drink I God's Spirit, but where mountains bold
Rise in disdain ; and tempests, wintry cold,
Cut out the heart of man's infirmities.
There with a jut of rock for altar rail
With bitter bread and rough and eager wine,
On peaks that only hardest feet have trod,
Spirits that in the valley droop and fail,
Turn to their Maker, with a touch divine,
To take the Sacrament ordained of God.

*In the
Italian
Lakes*

SOME folk there are (I think not otherwise),
Who of fair Italy affect a scorn ;
Crying for rugged mountains upward born,
More manly air, more fresh and stormy skies.

Inside the Window

Yet let them understand ere they despise.

For in the face no rugged chasms yawn ;

Rich hued it is. And know the earth has worn

Aye for her face this realm of Italy's.

Yea, in the stillness of the noon we hear

Her speech, we feel the sweetness of her breath,

We touch her cheek rich-dyed with many a hue ;

Unwrapped from mountain heights her brows appear,

Eye-browed with soft beech-copses ; and beneath

Her eyes are set : a lovely liquid blue.

ALL other powers have failed and fallen. The sun,

Like some great Eastern monarch absolute,

Extends his empire over man and brute,

Earth, air and water ; each and everyone.

Man pants and frets ere work is half begun :

Winds wander restlessly in swift volute :

Trees' sinews wither to the very root :

And so all lingers till the day is done.

Night follows and he sleeps. The clouds, poor pale

Detractors of his glory, then advance,

Conspiring how his sleep may be their chance

To draw a web about him : nor prevail.

For at his rising, lo ! they shrink and fail

Before the splendour of his countenance.

*Summe
Tyran*

Inside the Window

in Simile

My poet's mistress has a neck of snow :
Lilies her breasts : Her fair cheeks rosily
Are touched with dainty colour : Rosemary
Breathes out from lips that mock Dan Cupid's bow.
When swift words rise, men say the breezes blow :
Hatred and anger find their parody
In the swift tumult of the ravening sea ;
And death is melted into sunset's glow.
Yet are a maiden's cheeks far lovelier
Than any flower. Breath out-perfumes scent.
Earth's grandeur fades when human souls depart.
And storms that ocean to loud anger stir
Quick witted cloud and warring element
Are but the shadows of man's angry heart.

Not satisfied but answered, I replied
" Be still and rest awhile." But waywardly
She strayed thro' all my house, and entrance found
Into a sacred chamber that had lain
Unmoved and covered with the dust of years
Wherein I kept a memory of mine ;
Like those dear keepsakes of a little life
Long past and sleeping ; which the mother's love
Dares not destroy but cannot bear to see :
Save for one day, blackest of all the year,
To sorrow consecrate. And then she mounts

Inside the Window

With even tread the unaccustomed stair
And takes her treasures out and looks at them
With still despairing hands and silent eyes.
So like a faithful dog that enters there
Finding the door unbarred and brings to her
A tiny shoe, and lays it at her feet,
So my heart brought these memories to me.

MY love's eyes follow me though all else fade ;
So when the clouds are driving duskily
Across the blue pavilion of the sky,
Yet ever and anon they leave displayed
A glimpse of heaven. And even when their shade
Is deepest over me, yet, dreaming, I
Scale them and gaze into thy very eye,
And by that dream alone am overpaid.
Even in the world of art is found no hue
To match the hollow vacant sky's deep blue
What colour then shall inky pen prepare
O, my love's eyes, that I may picture you
Lit by that pure and maiden bosom there
Sith emptiness shews forth a hue so fair ?

*As the Eye
of Heaven*

Inside the Window

Spring Greetings

THE Spring is here. Come let us welcome it,
O Mistress mine, whose eye is like a star
Shining by day. Let no harsh discord mar
From our twain lips a welcome sweet and fit.
Come ; we will sing together—stay a bit !
How shall we sing together? She is far ;
Down by the shore where fresh sea voices are,
And birds returning homewards perch and sit.
Yet spring is there, and spring is here as well ;
And in her voice are sweeter notes than mine
To render greeting to the gracious spring.
We may not meet below, but I can tell
In the lark's realm, at least, our songs combine,
Therefore I sit and watch it as I sing.

All else a Dream

ALTHOUGH I live, my life lies dreamily
A woven wonder paced upon the floor :
And one small spot, hard by the ocean shore,
The only fragment of reality.
Thou with a touch, a look, hadst lifted me
Into a realm I dreamed not of before ;
And when thy finger fell from me, the more
My fall was heavy in obscurity.
Thou art the one thing beautiful and rare :
A Goddess, standing out so clear and tall

Inside the Window

That I must worship. And beside thee all,
Day's service, light talk littered everywhere
Strong hearts of men and maidens' faces fair,
Are stories carven on thy pedestal.

BUT for few hours our meeting was to be
And nothing spoke in sadness. Yet I caught
Some far-off glimpses of thy heart : and thought
Life's highest purity therein to see.
And thereby know I that this purity
Is not of me, nor fashioned out of nought
That through the years thine image still is brought
By noblest scenes and voices back to me.
When with the kneeling throng I utter praise
Thy voice amid the organ answers low.
From the clear sky I feel thine eyes to gaze.
Thy heart is framed among the mountain snow,
Like one white peak, whereon the sunset stays
In the deep silence of the afterglow.

*Love's
Vindication*

AS when a wanderer from native land—
Ropes cast ; the vessel moving out to sea,
With the quick engines throbbing audibly—
Barren of thought, with eyes that still expand,

*The Heart's
Memory*

Inside the Window

Looks homeward, on a spire like some tall wand
Mid trees and clustered houses heavily
Dark outlined on the fading sunset sky.
So, like a rock-hewn statue doth he stand
Until the darkness fall. And ever thro'
The images that time revolving brings,
Tho' his eyes move and look on other things,
Still in his heart that picture : so on you
I gazed, I cannot shut you out of view,
Graven too deep by fond imaginings.

Then said my heart to me, " I have done my part.
There is no further profit in the past.
Here you are brought unto the river's mouth,
The wide sea lies beyond. The world I mean
Wherein are mighty tides, winds contrary,
And towering storms, which none may hope to cross
But by the aid of some true compass. Think
How shall thy course be shaped and to what end.
Here is a window opens on the world :
Look down from it and see and understand."
So I looked down and saw ; but understood
Only a tithe of what was passing there.
Yet as I understood it thus it runs :

II. Outside the Window

THAT muse, whichever of the nine she be,
Who has descended from Olympus high
Or sped from Tempé's vale, to keep her watch
Over the muddy ways of Lincoln's Inn,
Must I invoke. In sooth a sorry muse
By now, I think, amid the London smoke.
Wearing a wig no doubt : while down her back,
From those fair shoulders which Apollo praised
When he grew merry, hangs a gown of black :
Made of alpaca—Base material—
Which Silviu's bears to keep his topper dry
Taking his sunday walk with Mary Ann,
Or silk the profit of those London slums
So aptly designated Spittal fields.
How strange, my muse (I will not name you now,
Fearing the law of libel), seem those days
When you were sitting robed in green and gold
With shoulders bare and flowers about your head,

Outside the Window

Hearing the tinkling pipe of Gannymede,
Jove's Jester. Or if great Apollo came
To lead your chorus with his manly voice,
Listening all ears to his enthralling strain.
And all your duty was to comfort man
Toil wearied ; drinking in from woods and trees
And bubbling streams, and breezes in the reeds,
And chirping wood birds wonderfully sweet,
Their hidden melodies, to sing again
The thoughts that there you drank unconsciously.
How altered now ! But all is altered now.
I had a garden and a field of hay,
Where as a boy I used to play and romp,
And toss the hay about with sunburnt hands,
And pick the wild flowers bedded in the banks,
Or scattered through the grass dispersedly.
But now they have destroyed my field and flowers,
And stacked instead pale-faced and sickly bricks
Into long rows of weakly cottages.
And, now and then, they bring me bags of gold,
Saying that times are hard and rents are low,
And No. 6 is always in arrear.
But I bewail the golden buttercups
And star faced daisies that I used to love.
Yet everywhere the walls are rising now.
Even perhaps the sides of Tempé's vale
Are sprinkled down with workmen's cottages

Outside the Window

And some contractor rakes the sovereigns in.
Or builds a tower upon Olympus' peak,
Higher than Watkin's Tower at Wembly Park.
And 3rd returns from Athens, one and nine,
Are issued by the Railway Companies.
But, Wayward Muse, where are you wandering ?
I sent for you to sing of Lincoln's inn ;
And you have led me through my childhood's time,
The buttercups and daisies of fresh youth ;
These are long past : and into Tempé's vale
Where I may never come. Or if at all
Only when I have served my sentence here ;
Only when I have done with dusty briefs
And squeaking quills and yards of measured tape.
Sing then of Lincoln's Inn : and that your eyes,
May follow mine, and that your heart may know
To beat the weary hours along with mine,
Peer from this window. Tell me what *you* see.
I see the noiseless hurrying to and fro
Of listless clerks bearing the tape-tied scroll.
I see a brougham standing at the door
Of some great lawyer, where the lady Stubbs
Is trying to persuade that master mind
That her aunt's will is fraudulent and void.
I see wigs passing. Some are old and dark
As are their owners' faces, both with years
And legal wisdom, then there passes one

Outside the Window

Fresh curled and new ; and under it a face
As fresh ; but striving to look old and grave
And heavy with responsibility.
Be wise, good boy, and play not with old age.
'Twill be thy master soon enough. I see
The shadows of the gables on the ground,
Like giants fallen prone and worshipping
Before the awful majesty of law.
I see the trees ; four ; planted evenly ;
Each one toward a corner of the Court :
And bounded by each other and the court
To grow a quarter of its wonted size.
And so in my heart's soil, that's beaten out
And made a path for men to walk upon,
The planted green is bounded by the Court,
(Only we spell it with a capital 'C') :
And by my fellows here ; and walled all round
With Rules and orders, forms and precedents,
And stunted of its vigour. Nor can spring
My spring, my world beyond ; nor April showers,
The soft hearts of my kinsfolk breaking forth ;
Nor the fresh murmur of their musical voices,
Revive it ever to a forest tree.
I see the flowers in even beds disposed,
Dying for lack of air and light. Poor Flowers !
Yet wherefore poor ? For happier than I,
Ye are who cannot taste unhappiness ;

Outside the Window

Whose life can only hold them for a while
Of pleasant sunshine and reviving rain,
And dies from storm or darkness. Here I feel
A touch upon my shoulder from the Muse.
"You sent for me to sing of what I saw.
Then let me stand neglected by your side
The while your eyes are roving up and down."
"A thousand pardons. Then your eyes behold
Another sight than mine?" "No. But the same
Though I perhaps should phrase it differently."
"Then Madam, if your business calls you forth
To prompt a Judge with law on negligence,
Inspire the eloquence of a fat Q.C.,
Or breathe a pleading in a Junior's ear,
Begone, and I will tell the rest myself."
She rises, bows, and I am left alone.
Alone at last. How long to be alone?
How strange and pleasant to be left alone
To wreak my naughty will in pen and ink!
A school-boy, playing in his master's desk
Tossing the hated task-books on the floor,
Is not more free and mischievous than I,
Writing no more to order. School-boys still
By whatsoever name we call ourselves;
Soldier or tinker, pedlar, engineer,
Merchant; nor least, though lastly, barrister
Nay, barristers are school-boys most of all.

Outside the Window

We are "instructed" by solicitors
(Our private tutors :) lessons given us—
And hard it is to learn and construe them,—
Then we must go to school (that's into court)
To say our lessons to the master there
The stern preceptor, wry and yellow faced,
Who sits above, arrayed in wig and gown,
Not as of old in gown and mortar board,
And asks us questions : catechises us
As to when Lord Mountnessing made his will ;
What remedies the 50th section gives
Against defaulting debtors. All of which
We try to answer, saying with a bow
" May't please your Lordship," in the place of " Sir."
Poor school-boys ! For our work is harder far
Than what they gave us when they called it School ;
Our hours far longer : lesser holidays,
Long sleepless nights waiting the reckoning day :
And Father Christmas sings us ditties now
Of Christmas bills, instead of Christmas gifts.
And if indeed I do my lessons here
Throughout the term of life, well, patiently,
Perhaps with honour ; is my conduct good,
And no black mark set down against my name ;
What is the prize that death can offer me ?
See cuttings from the papers following.
" Last night there passed away Sir Thomas Jones

Outside the Window

Deeply regretted by his learned brothers
And all the bar. . . . His judgments were precise
And lucid expositions of the law. . . .
Funeral on Thursday. Neither cards nor flowers."
Or runs it thus : "we note with much regret
The sudden death of Mr Jones Q.C.
Who died last night at half past eight o'clock.
His most extensive practice chiefly dealt
With law on real estate : and at his death
He had in hand a work on settlements,
'Jones on the law of waste, of disentail
And tenants in remainder' which we hope
May be completed by the end of April,
Edited by his able son-in-law."
So ! Mr Justice Jones has passed away
And Mr Justice Jackson takes his seat.
And courts are sitting, laws administered
Just as they were administered before.
And "Jones on Waste," the which for many years
Held royal sway among conveyancers,
Is superceded by another work
And goes up higher, to that upper room.
Wherein the eldest not the highest prized
Are honoured, cloaked in bullocks' hide and dust.
How many lives are packed and put away
In those old volumes in the library !
How like a vault it stands, whose rows of urns

Outside the Window

Hold not more useless ashes of the past
Than these old leathern tomes. O may my grave
Be far from these : beneath the open sky,
Beneath the falling rain ; no ashes dark
Be kept of me, but all my earthly frame
Shall pass away by natural decay
Into the elements of earth and air,
As shall my soul be taken into God.
By natural decay. The hearts of men
Be they my grave. I ask no other one.
So to the eye though perished utterly,
Passing to other hearts I live in them ;
As our dust bodies passing into dust
Bring forth fresh flowers and cups of golden juice.
Which, held in leaden case or mummy bands,
Ape an unnatural mockery of life,
And crumble in the air unprofiting.
Yet comes a voice and whispers in my ear :
"These things are but the refuse of man's life,
And must be buried in a useless grave.
Love is immortal and can never die.
Seeming to die, it passes to fresh hearts
And feeds fresh souls only by perishing.
Your life's profession is a cypher? True!
And if you live for that, you die indeed.
But live beyond it. Where you touch the world
In hours of resting, touch with hand of gold

Outside the Window

And make the earth smile bright beneath your feet."
True friendly monitor ; and wisely warned.
Yet—yet—for me I think it otherwise,
For see ! I am a little thing enough,
And for my task, one work and one alone ;
Which I must do with all my soul, the power,
Might, strength, and striving of a passionate heart.
Law or a human sympathy ! What doubt
If such the choice. Or shall I rise and stand,
Writes in my hand and quibbles at my heart,
Demanding entrance to the house of life ?
Yet law is not ignoble ! That I know.
It is a fence, an honourable bar,
That guards from perjury and violence
And visible results that wait on wrong,
All that is left of Eden. Which without,
We could not now enjoy the flowers of life,
Rest in the shadow of her banks of trees,
Or eat her fruits in freedom. Yet not all
Are to be lopped and sawn for stake or rail.
Some are less hard and sturdy in the trunk,
More sweet in blossom or in spreading leaf.
And such am I, if any use at all.
O Muse of law, it is not that I wooed
With fickle voice or with unsingle heart.
All through my boyhood I believed myself
A lawyer born, and as I grew in years

Outside the Window

My prayer was ever "skill in argument."
Arrived at man's estate I wooed you still,
Not from the heart, perhaps, but faithfully,
And you accorded favours moderate,
As to a bridegroom of a parent's choice,
Letting me kiss your hand, but not your cheek.
Kissing the cheek of law ! what words are these !
What is her cheek ? Dry yellow parchment skin ;
Lined with indentures of perpetual pens
Making more haggard her undying face.
And all the while another spoke to me,
Sounding sweet music, which I heeded not.
So she grew sorry, leaving me awhile,
Till I should feel a want, and turn to her.
And even here, within the house of law,
Guarded so closely by law's ministers,
Strange faces rise and greet me, voices strange
Speak in a language heard but seldom there.
How often at my desk of solid oak
(Picked up a bargain somewhere second-hand)
I sit, trying to chain my thoughts to law.
And then the sun, who should know better now
Old lively patriarch, comes peeping in,
Making my books look, O ! so dull and dry,
My carpet shabbier even than before,
And showing up the dust on everything,
Cries laughingly : " Poor little man of laws,

Outside the Window

What ever are you doing tucked away
In that dark hole? Come out, and show yourself."
And then he tells me how in distant woods
The birds are singing, and the daffodils
Make spear heads through the sheaf of sword-like
leaves,

And how the crocuses are coming up :
And talks of old red mansions ivy-grown
Set in green lawns, which freed from winter's grasp
Show the first sign of sprouting blade to-day.
And having well aroused and maddened me,
He mounts his coach of clouds, and rides away.
Or when the thickness of a London fog
Crowds round my close and chequered window-panes,
The light tree branches turn to heavy lines,
Making a chart upon the face of heaven,
Dividing it in infinite small squares ;
As if to show how hard it is to win,
How small a space for each. The darkness grows :
Fiend faces form themselves, and cry to me,
"You may not mount to heaven : come down to
hell

And see the wonders and the tortures there.
The glow of seething souls, the unending moan,
The long black streams of impotent remorse
Wherein the eternal souls are plunged and drowned,
And yet live on in drowning evermore.

Outside the Window

And utter darkness reigns, albeit a light,
Red like the glowing of an angry wound,
Lights up the silence of its hollow halls."
And then the breeze of spring, God's messenger,
Like a fresh spirit chases forth the fiends.
And I am staring at a cold, grey sky,
Like the unconscious grey of emptiness,
Which greets our waking from a stunning blow.
And sometimes through the short close summer
 night,
Restless I lie ; and dream that over me
Law like a stone is weighing, under which
I lie, death-swathed in living burial.
While overhead, yea, on the very stone
That shuts me down, the passing footstep light
Lingers, and joyous voices humanly
Speak greeting : then a mighty organ sounds
And follow low, pure voices praising God.
And from beneath I cry, and sound is none :
My throat is dry, and cannot make a sound :
I strain, and not an inch the stone is moved.
And if my life has buried me so deep,
What burial awaits me after death ?
Tell me my brethren, learned in the law.
There is no place for us in all wide heaven.
God needeth not our rules. His Spirit there
Swells all hearts equally with love and joy

Outside the Window

Which law's knife lopped to make them equal here.
Not heaven then. Nor does the Devil need
Our crabbed practice or procedure slow
Delaying vengeance, but a flashing sword
Or close-clamped fetter works his royal will,
Uttered with swift command executive.
Therefore not Hell. And is it Chaos then ?
And shall we sit to all eternity
In some dark hall midway 'twixt heaven and hell,
And, like a bubbling fountain underground,
Mutter our jargon over, hearing suits
And giving judgments, none regarding them ?
Or shall our spirits never leave the earth,
And stray about these dim and sullen squares,
Inhabit these dark rooms, while happier ones
Bask in God's sunshine ? Haply this shall be.
And, while I write, the room wherein I sit
Is thronged with spirits, who in former days
Wrought here the prison task un murmuring.
And now they sit and act the past again,
Or watch the present, like a far-off scene
Shewn through the arch that severs life and death.
Even while I write, one leaning over me
Reads, sighs, and turns away. About the Court
Whereon I gaze, the printless footsteps pass,
The faded eyes stray stealthily about
Looking for stairs that are not ; passages

Outside the Window

Long since removed. The Phantom fingers play
Round locks that yield not to them. Then the
door

Opes suddenly. The spirit enters in,
Finds not a trace of what he used to know,
Aye, and to love ; for ever custom breeds
A kind of love in most unlovely things ;
And turns again, and restless wanders out
Through court of Justice, office, library,
Nothing the same nor ever rest for him.
And as your workshops are destroyed and gone,
So have they pulled you down, O men of laws.
Ye are not built until the end of time ;
But temporary sheds and shanties, raised
Till law grows greater, needs a finer house,
When she shall pull you down and cast you by.
Yet, if we mould ourselves to finer clay,
We with our lives may build a house on earth,
Or help to build it. Stately towers rise,
Long graceful colonnades, translucent domes.
And when the work is done the world shall end.
And no more do we know the plan of it,
Or wherewithal we make it glorious,
Than coral insects working in the sea
Know what a wondrous land shall rise to life,
What woods, what shores, what flowers cover it
And with our hearts a house is built in heaven,

Outside the Window

If they are worthy, where the Source of all
Shall have his dwelling : using them perchance
As veined marble for the lower walls
While the white angels make the coping stone.
All surely, all aspire to such a place.
Yet even here, upon the earth I love,
I would be something. Aye a part indeed
Of that vast structure raised by after years.
Let me not perish wholly. All my work
Shall be thought out and carved on one stone
If they will keep it and will build with it.
Is this a false ambition ? Surely, no.
For if God gave me, as I think He did,
Something untouched, unknown by other men,
Some power of feeling what they cannot feel,
Were it not wrong to cast that thing away,
Or bury it beneath the silent grass ?
Is man absolved from ties of kindness
By man's unkindness ? Shall we strive no more
To open the door to solitary hearts,
When churlish fingers hold the bolt in place ?
And for the gifts that God has given man,
It is his duty, more than his delight,
To give them to the world ; although the world
Pass them in silence and regard them not.
And for my gift is but a little thing,
Not fitted to uphold the weight of life,

Outside the Window

Unapt to bear, like some great capital,
The massive building in the open street,
Some inner court of life shall have my work,
Far from the horror of the desolate place,
Where the beasts howl ; far from the mountain-
heights,
Where avalanches crash and tempests roar ;
Far even from the busy throng of men,
Who would not heed it. Haply one or two,
Fleeing the bustle and the noon-day glare
Within the quiet of those square grey walls
And shady galleries, shall raise the eye
Up to my stone and read the story there ;
And pause awhile and think in solitude
And, when again he mingles with the crowd,
Shall feel the stronger for his sojourn there.

So moralising in a lofty strain,
A sound of thunder coming from the door
Arouses me ; the edges bending in,
As if a hurricane was clamouring
For my opinion, on a point abstruse
Touching the mysteries of light and air.
"Who is it?" Hastily the Muse is sent
Under the table, and the law resumes.
Then enter Clerk "for the last half hour, sir,
I have been hammering to make you hear."

Outside the Window

**"What is it, Edwards?" "Mr Bullard's clerk
About the Wapping Mortgage." "Shew him in."**

**(Scene closes on the poet discussing with the clerk
whether the title is affected by a sub-demise to Skinflint
in fee tail, with every appearance of interest).**



—

III. In the World

Working

Commerce: An Ode

DAME of the Sandstone Eyelids, and battlements born
on the brow,

Lips of iron to guard thee, with fuming of smoke and
of fire ;

Lifting aloft to the distance the finger that never shall
tire ;

Queen of the earth for ages, but mightier never than now !

Far in the days of chaos and darkness thou wert not
seen,

Nor yet in the earth's fair spring in the day that she
brought forth men.

Comfort and help were none ; and she was harsh to us
then,

Grudgingly raising her bounty from under her mantle of
green.

In the World

But men grew weary with waiting, eyes grew dull and
forlorn,

Lips were heavy and fevered with sucking the paps
that repelled.

Ah ! but the infant creation was suddenly weaned, and
there swelled

Forth from the darkness a voice that a helper, commerce,
was born.

Born on a stony hill-side with never a sheltering
tree :

Watched by the lions for midwives and bathed in the
boisterous rain :

Born of a mother that hated, a father too weak to
maintain :

What wonder thy heart grew callous, thine eye unready
to see.

Till then, the stony uplands were fenced, as with a
rail.

And pastures lying behind them, and rivers that wound
and leapt,

Danced through the mountain gorges where never a
man had stept,

Past hill-tops towering to heaven, too high for pleasure to
scale.

In the World

Pleasure, thine elder sister, more loved and quicker to thrive :

Nurtured in easy places and schooled in a garden of flowers.

But thou ! the sea was thy cradle, thy master the tempest that lowers ;

And by shores and loneliest dales thou wert nourished and kept alive.

Power that piercest the mountains, and bridgest the valleys across,

Leading from hill to hill with the grip of an iron glove,

Hast thou given us more to help us than taken of what we love ?

Is our sore at thy strokes or comfort the greater, our gain or loss ?

And in the earth who in wanton youth was proud of her dress so fair,

And deigned not to disarray it to give us jewels or gold,

Now she has felt thy finger ere beauty is yet grown old :

A woman stricken in fever, and shaven of all her hair.

In the World

Her mantle of green and silver, bound round with a
girdle of flowers,
Ruthlessly torn asunder and tarnished by fingers
black,
Boring her fair round breasts as she stretches bound
on her back.
Ah, Earth! thou hast cause to sorrow. Thy hurt is
deeper than ours.

Commerce! A fair young mistress thou wert in the days
long gone.
The noblest cities of men were knights that sought for
thy love.
Foremost amongst them Venice in vanguard peerlessly
strove.
On the Sea's arena they fought, they died, and thou
smilest thereon.

Birds of the Chase they rode, whose wide wings whiter
than milk,
Maimed and powerlessly hanging were dyed in the
blood of the foe.
Breathless they rode through the tempest, and, lashed
by the hail and the snow,
Pressing to lay at thy feet a riband, a piece of
silk.

In the World

Now thou art grown far older, and ribands delight not
thine eye,
Even the matronly jewels that glitter and dance on the
breast,
Even the royal splendour wherein thy body is
drest,
Slowly are losing their charm, and thou layest them
coldly by.

Now thou hast bound thy slaves to toil in darkness and
smoke,
Never to see the work their toil has fashioned and
made ;
Work with work never ending, in dark grim Irony
paid ;
Never a moment's silence, nor space our God to in-
voke.

All is hurry and tumult, and whirring of endless
wheels ;
And if thy finger pauses, take heed where the hammer
descends.
Though working shoulder to shoulder afar are the
spirits of friends,
Eyes are fixed on the work, and no one wonders or
feels.

In the World

Feel ! how should we ? Our hearts are cast her furnace
upon ;

Fuel to feed her engine, and smoulder, and flame, and
glow ;

Rising in smoke to the sky from the fire that rages
below.

Nations are cast on the fire ; consumed ; and the wheel
spins on !

Above, the angels are watching the thousands that come
and go,

Poured by pipes into cities, drained back by dykes to
the mead ;

Covering, as insects cover, the pasture whereon they
feed ;

Toiling with pale drawn faces. Ah ! God, shall it ever
be so !

Hearing the mass of discords, and longing to stop the
ear :

The roar of the teeming workshop, the breath of the
spirits that pant ;

The wailing of women's voices, grown dry with waiting
and want ;

The noiseless rythmical sweep of the pens, are the sounds
they hear.

In the World

How long shall the sounds continue? The years grow
weary and fall.

Still we are heaped on the fire, consumed, and our
ashes are cast,

Refuse like, on the stream that's sweeping soundlessly
past.

Shall the wheel go whirring for ever? or what is the end
of it all?

Still shall we serve this mistress, no longer gracious or
fair ;

Grind out gold at her bidding ; and grant her the usage
of lives ?

Dance in Fetish before her, and sunder our hearts with
knives ?

Bow down low at her altar that cannot pity nor
spare ?

There is no heart's joy she can grant us ; no love, not
even a smile ;

No sweet refreshing at noontide ; no rest at close of
the day.

Heaped wealth is rising around us and still love's
beggars we stay.

Is there none more ready to cherish? Pause and con-
sider awhile.

In the World

From the silence of sylvan splendour, from heights of the cavernous hills,

Listen ! a voice is calling, silver, and old, and pure.

"I am the Earth, thy mother, I am while the years endure,

And still in my old worn heart a motherly longing thrills.

"In youth I was light and wanton ; I brushed my children aside ;

Left them to fight alone with hunger, and want, and pain.

Now that my hands are withered, they feel for my sons again.

The day has been sore for us both. Come back in the evening tide !"

Listen ! And leave the mistress, whose gifts were prickings and smarts.

Leave her standing aloft in the red of the evening glare :

Leave her to crumble and fall ; an idol who ruled, made fair

With the painting of faith, and fed with the incense of burning hearts.

In the World

Then shall be joy once more, and the earth be eased of
her pain.

Her tresses fair and abundant, her sores grown over
and healed,

Wrapped with a coating of moss, and salved with a
covering field :

Tumours of brick die down, and veins flow freely
again.

And no more smoke and cursing shall hide the light of
the stars ;

And the ruined courts of the prison shall quiver with
rising flowers ;

Mothers shall sit, and children run through the happy
hours,

Playing around the scaffold, and kissing between the
bars.

Lay down, O Soldier, thy glory ; lay down, O merchant,
thy gold

And come, let us counsel together how all may be
swept away.

Then shall the earth be made a field for the angels'
play,

And God shall walk in the midst as He walked in Eden
of old.

In the World

Playing

A Morning in Florence

FLORENCE. 10-30 on a winter morn,
And gloriously fine. The clear blue sky,
Not flecked or tainted by a single cloud,
Spread over us. The distance, half as blue
And twice as misty, ever and anon
Peered down the sudden turning of the street,
Beneath the broad black eaves. I sauntered out
Quite idly. Where to go and what to see
Leaving to chance. Across the Trinità,
Then down an alley winding in and out,
Then through a little silent square, wherein
Were palms and laurels planted ; and it lay
Sleeping and dreaming in the morning sun
Not having power to wake it. Suddenly
The Pitti Palace from a rising hill
Lifted its rocky head and stared at me.
Thursday. The state apartments to be seen.
Why not? So in I wandered. I was met
By (if I dare so style his mightiness)

In the World

A Flunkey, too magnificent for words.
Height—six feet six, at least ; a livery
Of royal scarlet overlaced with gold.
I felt inclined to fall before his feet
And cry : "O Signior most magnificent,
I am not come for plunder. Only tell,
Where that fond man, who arrogates himself
To be thy Lord, has his apartments here.
And may I be allowed to view the same ?
But do not strike or blast me with your wand."
Yet managed to refrain : and stammered out
A hasty phrase, half English and half French,
(Part in Italian, but a minor part,) something about "Appartements Royales."
He listened : answered with a wave of the hand,
Far slighter than Jove's bending of the brow,
To indicate the way that I must go.
So, only anxious to escape unscathed,
I hurried off : across another court,
Through a glass door, and there the office was.
They asked me of my name, height, weight, and age,
Of my profession, what I drank for dinner,
How many times I'd had the whooping cough,
And so forth : and they bade me take a seat,
The while they took a form and filled in it.
Then enter doubtfully two English girls ;
(Girls I have called them, though they topped my years

In the World

By two or three). The same demands were made,
But modified to suit a lady's case.
They sat ; and such a scratching of the pens !
Not great St Peter at the golden gate,
Will be so ravenous of particulars :
Nor any peri seeking entrance, wait
Half as submissive as we waited there.
The writing over, one official rose
And disappeared : (No ; not mysteriously !
'Twas only through a door.—More waiting.) Then
Returning, handed us two documents,
Which he called tickets, and the other one
Came up forthwith, demanding "Tickets please."
Then growing tired of their piece of fun,
They let us in, to see what we might see.
And I suppose that wondrous catalogue
Of weights and measures, facts and fantasies,
Is copied out in fair round characters,
In some huge volume with a metal clasp,
Sealed with his majesty's imperial seal,
And countersigned by some high minister
And put away, and then who looks at it ?
Some day, no doubt, when I have taken seat
Upon the highest pinnacle of fame ;
(And pray that it be something quite distinct
From any pinnacle I yet have seen !)
The part I occupy will be framed and glazed,

In the World

Hung up in some museum, and the world
Will come and read it as it strolls about,
Looking at soaps and bottled conger-eels ;
And say, " How interesting ! " or perhaps,
" I never thought of him a bit like that,
But slim with curly hair, and dark brown eyes,
How one's Ideals vanish ! " Then the watch.
" Past Five ! Come Charlie. Let's get in to tea."
So the world strolls away to feed itself
And talk its gossip. Let us stroll on too.
Straightway we entered, half on speaking terms ;
I ventured forth a shy remark or two,
Received in friendly wise : yet with reserve
Fitting two maidens with a strange young man.
A broad high Hall, with windows square and deep
Received us, covered all with fresco work :
Brown at the sides, all colours overhead.
Round us fat cherubs, rather lightly clad,
Sang, whistled, danced, and played the Pandian pipes.
While anvils, paint brushes, long scrolls of tape
Garlands of flowers, shortly, whatsoe'er
A well conducted cherub might require,
Lay ready to their hands. And over us
Black Pluto chases green-robed Proserpine :
Venus admires herself in marble fountains :
Some Pope, say haply Paul the 26th,
Receives the oxen offered him by Jove,

In the World

While on the other side he grants the mob
Charters confirming them their liberties :
Which they proceed to take in diverse wise.
Then in the corners, the four cardinal virtues
Are sitting on the seven deadly sins :
Three upon two. So one has only one.
Descend a little from the demi-gods,
That flood the ceiling. All about the Hall
Glass cases standing, hold embroidery,
Plate of all fashion, jewels, rosaries ;
The ornamental portions of an age,
Whose fabric long has crumbled. As we keep
Quaint frescoes and small carven pinnacles,
From some old building when we pull it down.
First came the plate. Ye Gods, what splendid plate !
After Cellini, partly by his hand.
Such legends, such pursuits, such fairy forms ;
Wrought with the even finish of the day.
Yet in my ignorance, and all unused
To courtly ways, I hold such plate as this
More fitly shewn in case or cabinet
Than on the board : and honest crockery
The best for dining with a quiet mind.
I shrink from taking up the last remains,
Of what has cloaked a maiden's nakedness,
So leave them unconsumed. My knife is stayed
By fear of cutting off a cupid's toe.

In the World

My choicest morsel stays upon the plate
By lodging in a cornucopia.
And so my dinner suffers grievously.
Well, I might be less scrupulous perhaps,
Were nymphs to me an everyday affair,
And all my food served up with goddesses.
Nor is it so with royalties, who sit,
Adorned with jewels and the airs of court,
Watching old Neptune rising through the sea—
I mean the soup—while graceful Nereids play
In the seclusion of the gravy boats.
And Ceres, great earth-mother, scarce is seen
Beneath the burden, heavier than she bore
In olden time, of grapes and oranges.
And in the salad bowl an earwig crawls
Across Pan's forehead, and he smites it not.
Those were rare times ; when royalty was royal,
And dressed in draperies of damask silk,
And never dined without its crown of gold,
Nor drove abroad, but in the car of state
With prancing steeds and horsemen not a few.
How are we fallen ! From the envious sun
Top hat or bonnet shields the princely head
Like any other—Here my reverie
Is rudely interrupted, "Si, Signor.
Ah ! Questa molto Bella !" and I hear
My fair companions whispering apart,

In the World

Their new acquaintance has a taste in plate
Extremely critical. And find myself
Staring Athena out of countenance.
I start and blush and ask the date of it.
And then the Conduttore shews us round
Marking the points of interest. "This cup
Once held the fell draught of a poisoner. . . .
That crucifix a holy father bore
On his last pilgrimage. . . . The casket there
(The Signorine will observe) was made
Only from sealing-wax and rushes dried,
Looking like marble at a yard or two.
Is it not wonderful? This Mercury
Was cast from pieces of the very tongs
With which St. Dunstan tweaked his Majesty
The Devil." Then the Frescoes have their turn.
This yoke of oxen would appear to plough
If we would move across the room : this way
(Guiding us in among the furniture).
This painted Cupid looked in bold relief
If we would be so good as squeeze our heads
Into this cabinet. "Your elbow here
Against the pane of glass. Ecco signor,
See, it is easy." So we try it too
With varying results ; declaring all
We see it plainly ; but confide upstairs
We caught not one stray word of all he said.

In the World

Then, after sundry wonders of the kind,
Here was the end of what he had to show,
Another man would take us up the stairs.
The fee one Lira. Grazia, Signor !
The other man appeared : conducted us
Up a broad staircase, and unlocked a door.
Then, first demanding payment in advance,
He let us in to wander where we would.
We wandered. Through long brilliant corridors,
From room to room, and yellow changed to blue,
And blue to red, then orange, violet,
As if a rainbow lay across the place.
And the gold varying from room to room
Like prisoned sunshine, which would wax and wane
To do a monarch service. Bedrooms now,
Now rooms of state ; here the king dressed, and here
The Queen sat talking ere she went to rest,
While all the fairest maidens Florence knew
Hung round about her in a graceful knot,
Sitting or kneeling ; listened while she spoke,
And filled the gaps of silence with soft speech.
Then at the wonted signal went they forth
All save a few who knew her inmost heart,
Who stayed for further counsel ; while the light
Darkened about the windows, and the voice
More rich from silence and the evening time
Flowed out from heart to heart. So rantèd I,

In the World

Careless of fact. "But what same Queen was this?"
Said my companion who had spoken most.
"I thought that Florence was republican
In former times. You cannot speak, for shame,
In such rich terms of modern Royalty."
Then slyly said her friend, "He thinks, perhaps,
That any history will do for us.
I was at school not many ages since.
Then Badeker you know!" She hit me hard;
And I was fain confess that fancy light
Had quite outstripped old plodding history.
But I protested, if they tied me down
To Badeker, (and here a splendid shrug)
Learnt from the gay Italian), 'Twas an end
To conversation: and they laughed, and said
They made me free of Badeker. I bowed;
And thence the talk flowed on without reserve.
So having wandered through the rooms of state,
(Like other rooms of state, which we despise
As fit amusement for the vulgar herd,
Being in England: but being here
The past rich glamour of old Florentines
Makes all of interest), demanded we
The Botticelli late discovered there.
And being now on virgin ground, unstirred
By plough of Ruskin or rapacious Crowe,
We played the critic; blamed the pallid tones,

In the World

But held the picture gracefully composed ;
Thought that great Pan had borne most patiently
The pulling of his lock of hair, and praised
The floral pattern on Minerva's breast.
Then down the stairs, and leaving state above
We strolled into the little court behind,
Where the old palace lies more orderly,
And less terrific with its jutting stones.
And leaning on a rail, we breathed and peered
Into the darkness of a hollow grot ;
Where weird sea monsters, scarce distinguishable
So old were they, so white and moss-o'er grown,
Drove boldly through the surf in miniature
With which the light breeze lapped their hoary sides.
While Father Neptune, not himself exempt
From ravages of time, for in his skull
Where hollowed out, some idle birds had built
Careless of oceanic majesty,
Leaning upon his trident, gazed with pride
Upon a sea some twenty feet across.
And was he happier (I wonder now !)
When in old Ilium they bowed to him,
Offered him incense, prayed his furtherance
Across the ocean which was all his own.
Maybe the ocean nymphs were wayward things
And hard to keep in order ; then the sea,
How very trying to a peaceful god :

In the World

(And gods at times were peacefully inclined.)
And then the dolphins, though a splendid team,
Must have been sadly difficult to match ;
So many cares surrounded his wide rule.
And now, like many a worn and past old man
Whose range of acts was wide, whose range of thought
Was wider still, silent, he babbles on
To that half-human figure at his side,
(Who may be Venus self for ought I know,)
Of chariot races through the boiling surf,
Of how he shouted down the roaring sea,
And stayed its hand, even in the very act
Of tearing up frail ships, and how at night,
(This was a youngster when his heart was gay,
His form less portly than it since has grown,)
He floated up from caverns, sea-weed hung,
With scarce a follower, and with the moon
Casting a shimmer on the even sand,
Sang in a liquid voice so sweet a song
That a fair princess, whom he deigned to woo
In her high tower on the rocky cliff,
Sprang in the sea : which parted in surprise
Sending out silver flashes and a cry :
And how he drew her to the depths below.
Whereat the monsters mentioned heretofore
Attempt a wink, but, having scarce one eye
Between the three of them, with small success.

In the World

"More meditation," says a quiet voice,
"What castles are you building? Tell us now,
More queens, perhaps? Or royal children play
Before their nurses at the fountain's brim?"
Then I, like many an Englishman who loves,
Having a soul, to hide it out of sight,
Said I was thinking half past twelve or so
Was rather past the time for *déjeuner*,
Following a cup of coffee and a roll.
Whereat they laughed, and for, I said, I knew
That ladies never cared for *déjeuner*,
At least in Florence, I would take my leave.
Late guests were coldly served. So soon, they said,
And gracefully but simply, that the time
Had passed more quickly for my company,
Bade me good-bye. And thinking quite the same,
But having, clumsy bumpkin that I was,
No graceful phrase to say it in, I bowed
Good-bye in silence as I turned away.



IV. Beyond the World

Before the City Gates

I HAD a dream which filled me yesternight
Full of strange thoughts too wild to live in me.
Just as a wine cask filled too full with wine
Will crack and burst and all the wine be lost,
My dreaming hulk, fulfilled to breaking point,
Cracked into waking, and this wine of dreams
Ran wild and pallid into daylight's glare.
Yet with a hasty zeal I saved a part
Stored in my memory : and here it is.—
Sleeping I lay ; and dreams came over me ;
And in my dream one took me by the hand
And said, "Arise, I have a sight for thee."
I heard his voice ; his face I did not see.
I never saw his face. Through all the while
Until his presence merged in greater things,
Something forbad me look at him. I knew
Only a mystical and thrilling sound
That clothed my senses with obedience.

Beyond the World

Then up we moved : my chamber silently
Parting to let us pass. On high we rose,
And down beneath our feet the earth grew blue
With distance. Tall trees dwindled into moss
That sucks the rock, and wondrous wavy lines
Came gently circling as the earth spun round.
Swifter than light we mounted through the space
Held by our sun, and through the liquid air
We slid, as through clear water. Planets now
Came whirling past and dancing asteroids,
Their graceful pursuivants ; and, now and then,
Wandering comets from the hollow void
Peered wistfully, breathed dankly, over us,
And went their ghostly way. Thick darkness now ;
And through the darkness upwards still we slid,
Into the region of another sun,
A brighter far. And gold and silver balls
Came sailing past. Then regions of strange storms,
And whirling hail and boiling meteors.
Still upward ; till the sense grew sick and dim,
And I cried faintly, " I can bear no more.
I am a thing of earth and in this void
I perish. Let me die at rest." But still
We moved, and clouds of darkness covered me.
And when my senses came to me again
Strengthened and purified ; I know not how ;
The storms were left behind. The air released

Beyond the World

Was calm about us. We were moving now
More slowly, and a vast illumined mass,
That seemed to shroud a greater light within,
Shone out above. Then whispered me my guide.
"Prepare thyself, for we are close at hand."
And all the while, dissolving like a mist,
The light grew rarer, and a Shape within
More firm, more bold, but fifty times more bright,
Grew from the misty halo round about.
And then I saw the city of beaten gold,
Four square, majestic : flooded with a light
Most wonderful, that streaming through the gates,
Guarded not clouded by a single pearl,
Shot out twelve pathways through the quivering air,
By which the great rewarded might ascend.
And even the smooth and infinite extent
Of golden wall was dimmed, and even the vast,
And rare foundations of it, Sardonyx,
Chrysophras, sapphire, emerald and the rest,
Whereby 'twas builded on the ether pure,
Grew dim and lurid like a dying eye.
Close to the wall we lay, which, like a plain
That beat and quivered in the towering sun,
Spread from me. And I felt me utterly,
More utterly in that I came so near,
Shut from the city. So a drowning man
Clutching a ring beneath the parapet,

Beyond the World

That fronts the sea, might hang, and hear the throng
Pass and repass him in the angry night,
And know himself too weak to make them hear.
Not long I waited, (for my guide had gone
Although I knew not when he left my side,)
Until the light, that equally before
Had issued forth from all the gates of pearl,
Swung forward to the side at which I lay
And from the others faded : Till above
Stood forth the Christ, that was the Source of all.
Around Him clustered the redeemed, who stood,
Their faces radiant with a gentler light ;
Making the softness of a bank of clouds
That shades the sun's noon glory. Shading His
Still to a narrow pathway, as the clouds
Shut in the sun, and, through their spirit forms
Gently diffused, a soft and pearly light,
Spread on the deep embrasures of the walls.
A Triumph, mild, serene, magnificent,
Sat on His Face, wherefrom the wondrous eyes,
To the far distance gazing earnestly,
Looked for the coming up of other souls
Who should defeat the world. And following them,
And partly too grown dizzy with the light,
I turned and looked. A faint horizon cloud
Was coming into sight. As if a breeze,
Had moved it nearer, disarraying it

Beyond the World

With interchanges of an early cloud,
That spring has fashioned and is playing with.
First distantly and vague the cloud appeared,
And then a close grey throng. But when that throng
Came where the ray, dispersing hitherto
Over the brink of chaos, gathered in
An ordered path, the light passed into them,
Or like a prism they divided it
Into a thousand parts. And each was seen
Clad in the colours that he loved on earth,
And bearing them to heaven. On ; On they came ;
Till I might see the faces, and divide
The women from the men. Some still were pale
With suffering, some strong and eagle-eyed
As never tempted : some intense and full
As never weak : but all were soft and pure.
Then halted they before the city wall,
And one by one advanced. He welcomed them,
As He had known and loved them in past days.
Some greeting personal to each. Perhaps
What danger overcome, what sin removed,
What pain borne patiently : and each in turn
Passed him and mingled with the throng behind.
And as they passed Him by, I turned my gaze
Upon the crowd that waited patiently,
And watched the faces lighting, as a friend,
Sister beloved, or father, joined with them

Beyond the World

In soft embrace with greeting low and deep :
The gentle binding of the ancient tie
Not severed but suspended. Those indeed
That waited longer had the cup of joy
More deeply filled. To see the longing eyes,
Growing more hungry, as the throng went by
And still their hope remained unsatisfied,
Suddenly, with supreme unearthly joy,
Break into light ! But still one face remained
Unsatisfied. It was a woman's face,
Drawn pale with watching, and her body thin
Shewed through the sombre robe that covered her.
Upon her forehead one great swollen mark
As from a blow. The last had passed her by,
And still she gazed and gazed. Then starting up,
She hailed the Master who had turned about ;
And in her voice a throbbing undersong
That sounded strangely at the gates of peace ;
“Where is my boy? He surely should be here.
They tell me that they killed him yesternight.
Where is he now?” Whereat with saddened brow
And low still voice the Master spoke to her.
“It may not be that we receive him here.
Sad—sad it is ; almost a shadow cast
Across our heaven, to have rent apart
Mother and son. But yet it must be so.
He deeply sinned and he repented not,

Beyond the World

So died he unforgiven : and thou knowest
Sin unforgiven hath its wages—Death.
And did I pass, as I do pardon, sin,
Happy he could not be among the pure,
Still black at heart. But thou be comforted,
And cease to weep for that which cannot be,
Dulling the heart of joy that brought thee here.”
Whereat she cried in pain, “Be comforted !
Comfort is not, nor very life itself
Only with him. O ! let him come to me.”
But still He answered low. “It cannot be.”
Then in her bitterness she cried again,
Living the old years through, “Be comforted
Without the son I nourished at my breast !
Without the son whose early years I watched,
Loving through his sad wild ways ; the son
Who from his own true self, by evil men—
Curses, a mother’s curses be upon them—
Was led away : For whom I suffered more
Than Thou upon the cross, Saviour of men.
I was the wronged, not Thou ; and I forgive :
See here my bleeding forehead. But if heaven
Be not for him, heaven is not then for me.
Hell is for me : where I may be with him,
Where I may love him ; though he spurn me still.”
Moved by her speech the Saviour raised his head,
Which bent before the torrent of her words,

Beyond the World

And answered, "Wonderful is woman's love !"
But yet I saw a change between the face
Bent down, and raised again ; and still He said,
"It may not be. Here is no place for him."
"No place for me," she answered, springing up,
And as she sprang she grew immense in size,
Intense in sorrow. "Bring me to my boy !
Where is my son ? Where is my only son ?"
And at her piteous wailing, lo ! the scene
Went misty ; and the glory of the light
And all the wonder of the towering burgh
Grew like the faded fresco on a wall
Painted by some old monk of long ago.
And then the mother, growing vaster ever,
Black outlined, pale as death, her raven hair
Streaming behind her and the deadly wound
Wild gleaming on her forehead ; started forth
Across the far faint lines that lingered there
Blotting them out, and filled the air with night.

V. Personal and Critical Pieces

On Sir E. Burne-Jones' Garden of the Hesperides

O GLOOMY sisters of the western sun
Guarding the treasure which to touch is death,
Engrafted on a tree ; This very one
Which your fair circle round encompasseth ;
Ye are the ministers of Jove, who saith
" Let none approach ! " and to make guard more true,
He bent him toward the ground ; and at his breath
Up sprang a snake of silver scales and blue,
Who is your help-mate still to watch the long hours
through.

What is the secret he has hidden there
Within those balls of gold. And do ye know
And feel its influence when your wanton hair
Sweeps lightly past them ? Depth of weal or woe ?
Or, chance, some secret, that if man might know

Personal and Critical Pieces

He should become far mightier than his lord ?
Or would it shed soft sleep on all below
Olympus' peak ; and death to man restored
Rob Jove of all the gain their toil to him afford ?

And is he sooth at pains to turn away
Man's eyes therefrom, that still it might endure ?
Why were ye planted, fragrant as the day
And weird as moonlight ; rather as a lure
To snare his heart, than as a sentry sure
To hear his foot afar and challenge him :
To meet his hand with hands so soft and pure ?
And thou bright beast with visage keen and grim
Why stare at me so fiercely through the shadows dim ?

O wonderful confusion of sweet thought !
Sad eyes, soft throats, and gently throbbing breasts,
Fringed with deep tresses wonderfully wrought.
Broad leaves where never song birds built their
nests.
And shadows deep wherein the fancy rests
To shelter from so dread a mystery
As fearing to be struck with deadly pests :
Deeming itself a trespasser to be
On ground that heavenly power has wreathed so awfully.

Personal and Critical Pieces

Nay do not dance ! About the tree they swim,
Mocking the motion of a river reed
In the wind music evening breathes on him.
Aye ! I am captive to the sight indeed :
And ever thickening mists mine eyes impede.
Great Goddess Trio ! Cease awhile the dance.
Ye are not hungry with the spider's greed.
Sit on the slope, and to my wistful trance
Sing me the threatened fruits of mine intemperance.

Lo ! they are silent and the dance is still.
The song, the music of the breeze doth cease,
And on the tree, and on the grassy hill
Is shed around an universal peace.
The fruit still hangs. Fruit never to increase,
Never to fall. Still, still that serpent thing
Gleams like a spirit striving for release.
And, for the Goddesses deny to sing,
Those pendant balls of gold still whet our question-
ing.

O Golden lure of life ! O maidens fair !
And O keen serpent lurking there behind !
You daze the eye, you tangle with your hair,
And then you spit your poison on the mind.
When shall the hour, embosomed on the wind,

Personal and Critical Pieces

Bring to us men a nobler aim than these ?
Or shall we still lust for the golden rind
Or dream away our life beneath the trees ;
Losing our souls' strength here for heaven's eternities ?

On Mr Swinburne's Astrophel

I.

VERSE is the people of a poet's mind
That bear his gifts, so none be left behind.
Verse is the mystic band,
A torch in every hand,
Life's way intent to find.

2.

Is his a weighty gift ? Their backs are broad.
Love's burden ? Bosoms fair to be adored.
Is his gift gay and bright ?
Lo ! then their limbs are light
And grace in every word.

Personal and Critical Pieces

3.

But whose like thine alike were strong and swift,
To bear the weight, to scale the mountain rift?
 Who bore love's burden so?
 Held torches to our woe
That still would drift and drift?

4.

Still are thy verse folk fair, they still are strong.
But what is given them to bear along?
 What food of life prepare they?
 What heaven-lit torches bear they?
What message in thy song?

5.

I hear the dancing of their myriad feet,
The sound of all thy voices ; that is sweet :
 So from the mountain-side,
 Seeking the endless tide,
The bubbling waters meet.

6.

They rise obedient to my soul's commands
Thy fair creations in their measured bands.
 But see ; their faces stare
 Beneath their braided hair,
And, nothing in their hands.

Personal and Critical Pieces

7.

Only they dance beside me as I lie,
Fair-coloured groups, defiling gracefully.
All sound one monotone :
No ecstasy is shewn ;
No laughter, nor a sigh.

8.

Hearts empty ; empty and vain lips that speak
No word of all the visions that I seek.
And as one fair face dips
And I lift up my lips,
No fervour in that cheek.

9.

Where are the thundrous thoughts that used to roll ?
Where is the fire that flamed and scorched the soul ?
Where is the great broad sea
Of swelling symphony,
Bearing to life the whole ?

10.

Thou hadst drunk deep the cup of bitterness :
Lust came and sat by thee in golden dress.
And, with the turmoil past,
Thou hadst no voice at last
Either to curse or bless.

Personal and Critical Pieces

11.

Though Ebal and Gerizim rear in state
Their soaring peaks, whereon thou wast so late,
 Through valleys thou dost move ;
 And on the heights above
Thy path is desolate.

12.

Thou sittest by the sea. Once angry waves
Speak to thee softly, and no thunder raves.
 While arches ivy-grown
 Above thy head are thrown
On moss-carved architraves.

13.

I too have communed with the thoughtful deep ;
Nature's spread hands have lulled me into sleep.
 I too have stopped and ate
 Dark Pluto's Pomegranate,
Down in Earth's caverns steep.

14.

Hast thou no message, poet, yet to give
From realms wherein I may not walk and live :
 Where thundrous voices crash,
 And eyes of lightning flash
Command imperative ?

Personal and Critical Pieces

15.

When the round sunset ball came floating by
Wherein the great gods live eternally,
 Passed not from earth thy flight
 Up by that bridge of light,
The rainbow in the sky?

16.

But still thy voice is silent from it all :
Evening has come on thee, night spreads her pall ;
 And over sea and sky
 And mountains spiring high
The mists of silver fall.

17.

Yet though the heaven is swathed in darkness fleet,
The heavy earth is silent at our feet
 In one vast awesome hush,
 Still silent rivers rush
Some far-off sea to greet.

18.

So we must render thanks to thee, I deem
That thou hast given us beside the stream
 That rushes toward a sea
 Removing endlessly
Somewhere to sit and dream.

Personal and Critical Pieces

In Memoriam—William Morris

(Died October 1896)

OF many men of virtue, rank, and power,
Has death bereft us in a month or two !
And yet my voice is raised in praise of one
Who boasted not of rank, who loved not power,
But lived for virtue only. William Morris !
When our time's story comes in history
Where shall thy name be written ? High enough,
If I might write the story of our time.
True earnest worker for the people's good,
Deep in our day he lived, yet loved withal
The fashion of old time, and not despised
The legacy our fathers left to us.
He loved the stories of heroic deeds
Of gods, and giants, and the twisted forms
Of snarling dwarfs, and told them in our ears,
Making sweet music of this English tongue.
Most rightly deeming that these tales of old,
Wherein man wrote the truest part of him,
Must still for us be true. But not alone
From legends of the past, he drew the voice
Of honour, but he touched and beautified
The useful things, the needs of every day :

Personal and Critical Pieces

Making art practical to human life.
He loved sweet Nature. Loving her, he bent
Her form and spirit to our daily use.
Flowers grew on the walls, and colours pure,
Disposed as Nature most had taught to him,
Came at his mandate ; and the graceful vine,
No longer now the bane of human-kind,
Bent her proud head, consenting to adorn
The margin of a book. And printed speech,
The stubbornest, grew graceful at his touch.
And, be it but a few had use of these,
(For the high work of human brain demands
High recompense, 'twas so in every age ;)
Such few were not the measure of his good.
Was not the man, who traced those fair designs,
Spread those fair colours, and imprinted deep
On honest page those graceful borderings,
The happier thereby? O think it so.
And far above all this a work he wrought.
Poor erring boys, who trembled on the brink
Of sheer destruction, like a growing tree
Whose roots spread forth, half o'er a precipice,
Half into sand, he took, and planted them
In a fair garden girt about with flowers,
And bade them weave the things he shewed them there,
Growing pure in heart : and fairy tales of old,
And legendary forms of fearless men

Personal and Critical Pieces

Who slew and spared not : and like them to slay
The evil beasts that ravened in their hearts.
Shall not his memory live for this alone ?
And to crown all, although his mind was great,
Far greater than it seemed to all the world,
He deemed it less : and so the noble mind
Shewed nobler for the humbleness of heart.
Sleep softly Morris ! May thy memory
Be washed as gently by succeeding years,
As the slow quiet Thames, undreaming yet
Of spire and college and the laden barge,
Washes those lawns at Kelmscott. Lie in peace
Where'er thou liest ; for thy part in life,
Though meek and silent, none the less endures
To after-ages indispensable.

On Mr Gladstone's Retirement from Political Life

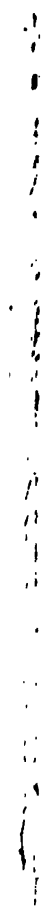
IS GLADSTONE really gone ? A space of calm
Hangs o'er us. For a moment all is peace,
And in that peace he passes. Well, I think
Upon a story that was told to me
Once by a friend ; who in his childhood's day

Personal and Critical Pieces

Lived in a far off country village—
One of those old and stalwart English homes,
That seems to promise us a thousand years
Of quietude, enjoyment, and content.
Hard by there grew an oak, a mighty tree,
Spreading abroad its curled arms everywhere,
And no one knew whose hand had planted it,
For far beyond the memory of our time
Those very boughs had spread and flourished there.
And underneath, the rustic flute-player
Piped to the dancers on the first of May.
And many an ancient festival was held
Of England's childhood : Many a vicar past
Had greeted there the village gathering,
With no respect of person. Children oft,
Worn out with morning romps, had flung themselves
Panting within the circle that it made
Of shadowy purple on the grass at noon.
But when he knew it, it was bent with years ;
Long, long its prime was over : here and there
A branch had withered and the bark was gone.
And here it had been struck with lightning,
And one tall bough had perished from the trunk.
Folk often said it stood too near the house
And thought that mischief would befall one day.
My father, said my friend, had thought the same :
And when a tempest passed across the land

Personal and Critical Pieces

Would wake at night and listen for the crash ;
And in the morning from his window peer,
To tell himself the oak was standing yet.
But tempests came and went, the boisterous winds
Threw down a multitude of lesser trees
Throughout the forests, but our ancient oak
Still stood in triumph and defied them all.
One day the sun sank in an autumn calm :
No leaf was stirring : singing us to rest
With gentle songs of wood birds fell the night.
And when the sweet-breathed morning called to us,
Lo ! the old oak lay prone upon the grass.
How long it stood indeed was wonderful ;
But most of all we wondered how it fell.
And now the threatened danger was removed,
We only thought on what it once had been ;
And all of us were sad that it was gone.



Miscellaneous Pieces

Day and Night

“Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto
night sheweth knowledge.”

How art thou praised so, O garish day ?

For sure thy praise is ever on the tongue ;
Before the common eye thy light doth play,
And through the world thy joyous sounds are rung.
While thou, O modest night, art left unsung.

Or haply, if a song is raised to thee,
In strain scarce fitting thy deep modesty.

For thou art likened to the blackest deeds :

Dull hatred, anger pale, the gloomy hearse
And all the evil train that envy leads.

And, that thou art the mate of revellers
The misconceiving poet still avers.
And ever in his blindness charges thee
With schism dark, and foul conspiracy.

Miscellaneous Pieces

Rating thee so, how little see they still !

These things are hostile to thee ; not thine own,
But making contrary to thy grave will.

If death or wrong beneath thy rule are known,
Down from thine ear they shrink in undertone.
And Revelry is veiled in borrowed rays,
Not daring to endure night's steadfast gaze.

And by such revellers thou art belied.

Wantons, that call thee wanton ; Slaves that start
From thy robes' fringes. Therefore I have tried,
Albeit to know the fulness of thy heart
Too young and frail, to paint thee in a part.
So the old Psalmist gave, and he was right,
Speech to the day, and knowledge to the night.

Truth, but the truth told tamely. Sooth is it,
Knowledge is father unto keen debate ;
And silence preludes ever-sparkling wit ;
And quiet thought has rooted up rank hate,
And in its stead plants love immaculate.
And speech that passes, in itself, is nought
But current coin exchanging thought with thought.

Therefore, as thought is far more excellent,
By so much is the night more rare and deep

Miscellaneous Pieces

Than wayward day ; whose boasted hours are spent
Only in speaking. When he falls asleep
And silence comes to us, the night doth keep
Her watch, with silver brow and bosom meek ;
Thinking fresh speeches out for him to speak.

And what a speech ! Upon the moor at morn
The wild wind whispers, stirring its low hair,
And the swift clouds upon that wind upborn
Cry out how free they wander through the air,
And how divine he is who set them there.
The trees take up the song so often told,
When the warm sunshine melts them into gold.

Then at the waning, when the sun's red eyes
Bid the lost day a sorrowful adieu,
Yet in those orbs a hope of future lies,
Time takes me by the hand and leads me through
Grey gentle twilight's dusky avenue ;
And by an antechamber starry bright
He brings me to the mighty hall of night.

And ye that enter, see that with awe ye come ;
With no loud rioting or song profane.
The night shall mask it not with general hum,

Miscellaneous Pieces

But hear it with a chilling cold disdain ;
Or with clear echo cast it back again :
As giving forth command, 'tis not her choice
To be disturbed with such unthoughtful voice.

No light is set among us where we are,
Calm in our awe and silent : but instead
A gentler glow irradiates from afar,
Where the wide roof is bent above our head.
Or from one silver lamp a gleam is shed.
And, with the world so darkened, Heaven is seen
Above the dusk more pure, and more serene.

Here we may bring our griefs and spread them out,
Unseen by others, seen by him alone ;
And all the strain of ignorance and doubt ;
And every ill that under day is known.
Here hang our hearts like roses overblown,
By the long sunshine pitiless out-worn.
And from their languor, scentless and forlorn,

The night will water them with silver dew,
Feed them with silence ; till they bloom again,
And greet the rising day with vigour new.
And whatsoever may be of want and pain,
In all that hall, some thought of love is fain

Miscellaneous Pieces

To soften it ; yet no words break the air.
Only thought's ministers are moving there.

Here prayers are answered ; and God's voice is heard.

Here widowed hearts are healed, if that may be.
Here to his mistress sings the faithful bird.

Here with her needle staunch Penelope
Wrought a deceit more rare than fealty.
And many deeds of praise have here been done,
Which had not scope beneath the tyrant sun.

O ! mighty, and O ! world enfolding hall,
Yet crowded never : though the world increase,
On thy broad pavement there is room for all,
Who, sitting in the silence, shall not cease
To commune with thy spirit's mysteries,
Beneath heaven's roof, which mighty piers upbore
From long lost ages on the earthly floor :

In some far corner find a place for me.
I shall not riot ; nor as he that lies
Fast bound in slumber use it carelessly.
'Tis written on thy gates "This Hall supplies
Good hope to all who seek it, and denies
Access to no one, for the only key
To ope the gate is man's humility."

Miscellaneous Pieces

Death's Ante-Chamber

SHALL our spirits, loosed by the death throe, wander
Listless over the earth's drawn face?
Sit in the shade of the woods, or squander
Unheard sighs by their dwelling place?
Wither away in the fruitless pain
To speak to the souls they loved again?
Stray to the ending of time beyond our
Vision in regions of endless space?

Who knows but the spirits of men dissolving,
Like living water in fine rare mist,
Are poised, an ocean of clouds revolving,
Cold and fervent, an endless list.
Gross and haggard ; they float and fly
Above the earth and beneath the sky,
And wait for the message of God absolving
Their souls in a limitless Eucharist.

Some are purple and full of passion.
Some are yearning with pale lean lip.
Some are broad, which the sunbeams splash on,
Dyeing their edge with a golden strip.

Miscellaneous Pieces

And some are joyous and lightly pass
In the long white train of a parent mass ;
And move around it in graceful fashion,
And rise and sunder, and pause and dip.

And the sad lone spirits whose stay was painful
Close down and cover the earth with rain.
And those of temper on earth disdainful
Lie stretched in easy and cold disdain.
And many, whose lives on earth were rent
By the power of a tyrannous element,
Freed by death from the fetter baneful,
Meet and greet in the air again.

And some will sit by the silent river ;
And some will brood on the lonely moor ;
And some in wistfullest haste will shiver
On the high rough rock that it needs endure.
And the great of the earth are moving there,
Like snow hills drifting in open air,
Against whose whiteness the strained eyes quiver,
As ocean mighty, as snowflakes pure.

And the soft faint heart of the gentle wooer
Glows in the ray of the sunset warm ;
And the bright hearts round him, fewer and fewer,
An endless circle of dance perform.

Miscellaneous Pieces

And the heavy and thoughtful sit and wait
About the porch of the sun's closed gate ;
And the angry shout of the evil-doer
Sounds in the wrack of the rising storm.

And just for a little, where life had birth
We will linger, and touch it lovingly ;
And wander over the sea's wide girth,
And into the haunts of the sea-gull pry.
And having greeted the friends we keep
With soft faint breath as we lie asleep,
Then, freed from earth and the taint of earth,
We rise and melt in the open sky.

In a Music Hall

PALACE or lowly cottage, calm or storm,
In scenes that harrow, and fair lights that please,
The same obedient elements perform
What various offices.

The pure brow of the virgin queen, absorbed
In grief for man, her gentle face and meek
Grows from the self same colour that is daubed
Upon the harlot's cheek.

Miscellaneous Pieces

The very cardboard of the rock upbuilds
The stately palace, shimmers where the trees
Spread growing leaves, and the same lime-light gilds
The sunset's mysteries ;

Shines from the rare glass jewelry, or throws
Dark gleams on robber caves ; and thereby fed
The grail, the symbol of redemption glows
A deep and bloody red.

Always the same, a thousand shapes they keep
As our hearts fancy makes them what they are.
A tree, a cavern of the waveless deep,
Or an eternal star.

Even so our life can shew as many views
Wherein we act not. Surely too in them
It lies with fancy wholly that we choose
To praise or to condemn.

In one small corner only lies our part.
Then over all the rest let good endure.
And such shall be the reading of our heart
If only that is pure.

Miscellaneous Pieces

Mephistophiles confined to Hell

How shall I live ! My food is fire and blood :
My passion is the whirlwind unwithstood :
My laughter is the sounding thunderclap :
My whispering the roaring of the flood.

Before my feet are wrath and terror spread :
My brows are with a cloud encompassed,
Through which mine eyes, like brands of steel, look
down
On the bleak empire of the voiceless dead.

Joyless revenge has waned for many a day :
Torture has palled, and horror has grown grey :
The fibre-searching instruments are cold ;
The joy of using them has passed away.

I can no longer bear this bleak abode
Frescoed with all the races death has rode.
I cry aloud for living beating hearts
And fair young flesh to canker and corrode.

Miscellaneous Pieces

But every creature of the living womb
Sharp fingered Death has dragged within the tomb :
And all the sweetness that is hid therein
He sucks away before he gives me room.

Deep lust unsatisfied returns again
To tear the heart and feed upon the brain.
So, for the treasures that I cannot reach,
I rend myself, and tenfold is the pain.

I am a spirit lost, that once was good.
But goodness is a dream scarce understood.
And from the palaces of lust I cry ;
How shall I live, my food is fire and blood !

The Sunset of Life

CLEAR is the ray the parting sunlight
Sheddeth o'er mountain, mere and stream.
And in the flickering, darkening twilight,
Food may be found from many a dream.

Pure is the ray which scarcely tinteth
Rippling waters with blood red hue.
Deep is the shadow which it sheddeth
Over the hills and the waters too.

Miscellaneous Pieces

Thus is the end of many a mortal :
Restful and gentle, pure and good.
Such as the light which scarcely hovers
Over the peaceful sleeping wood.

'Tis as the spirit, the higher nature,
Casts a last glimpse on its earthly abode ;
Giveth a last fond kiss at parting :
Soon to attend the throne of God.



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